

Since you've gone I've been lost without a trace by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Just dont read it if you havent watched the second season, Mainly fluff but will probably have angst because of who i am as a person, Starts during Episode 3 of Season 2, contains spoilers of season 2

Language: English

Characters: Bob Newby, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Max Hargrove, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/ Bob Newby, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Max Hargrove/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

Mike hadn't been the same since that week in November, when his whole life seemed to suddenly change.

Fast forward to nearly a year later, Mike finds himself facing new challenges that he hadn't expected, including searching the school for some strange upside down monster that Dustin had discovered in his trash, and dealing with an annoying new party member.

Yet all of this seems to fade away the moment he lays eyes on her.

Alternatively - what would have happened if Mike saw Eleven through the gym doors after the incident with Max?

1. Jealousy is a bitch

Author's Note:

I love love loved the new season of stranger things but I couldnt help but notice the lack of Mike/Eleven moments throughout.

Basically, this is me trying to fix that.

Mike was fed up.

Spending over an hour searching for some weird creature that Dustin had plucked from his trash was not his idea of fun. Mike and the others had searched nearly the entire school for Dart and none of them had spotted the slimy little creature yet. Cursing Dustin felt a bit extreme, but Mike was considering it at this point.

After checking the corridors, Mike quickly searched around the gym, trying to push away the memories of the year before. His eyes seemed to automatically fixate on the centre, where El had bravely laid in that freezing pool of water just to help them find Will. He glanced over at the bleachers, where he had hugged her afterwards, trying to keep her warm in her drenched clothes and covering her in fluffy towels.

He didn't want to think about what happened after that.

The door to the boys locker room swung open, and he quickly ran through it, in hopes of finally finding Dart and going home. Not that home was a particularly nice place at the moment, with both his mum and dad nagging at him every second of the day. Both Karen and Ted Wheeler wanted Mike to return to the happy and normal boy

that he was the year before, but every day Mike seemed to be getting further away from the boy he used to be.

Banging erupted from around the corner, so Mike grabbed a mop that was balanced against the wall, the closest thing that could act as some sort of weapon. Holding out in front of him, Mike jumped round the corner, yelling as he did.

“What the hell are you doing?” Max shouted as Mike lowered the broom, disappointed.

“What are you doing? Why are you in here?” Mike retorted, getting angry.

“I’m looking for Dart” Max explained.

“This is the boys’ room” Mike said, in exasperation.

“Yeah, so?” Max retaliated.

“So you should go home!” Mike shouted, dropping the mop on the floor and turning around to leave.

Just to add to the fun he was having looking for Dart, he was now also having to deal with Max, who for some reason did not want to leave him alone.

“Why do you hate me so much?” Max asked, following behind him as he promptly left the boys locker room. He definitely did not want to be seen in there with a girl.

“I don’t hate you. How can i hate you? I don't even know you!” Mike responded, walking into the gym.

“But you don’t want me in your party?” Max retorted.

“Correct.”

“Why not?” Max questioned, getting angry.

“Because you’re annoying!” Mike exclaimed, ignoring the hurt look on her face as he continued.

“Also we don’t need another party member! I’m our paladin, Will is our cleric, Dustin’s our bard, Lucas’ is our ranger and El’s our mage.” Mike explained, listing their roles in quick succession.

“El? Who’s El?” Max’s face contorted in confusion as she looked at Mike.

“Someone, no one.”

“Someone or no one?” Max asked sarcastically.

“She was in our party a long time ago. She moved away okay?” Mike replied, turning and walking away from the girl.

“She was a mage? Well what could she do? Magic tricks or something?” Max followed behind him, jumping on her skateboard and swerving in front of him, making him take a small step backwards.

“Well i could be your zoomer.” Max suggested, realising Mike wasn’t going to answer any of her questions.

“That's not even a real thing” Mike said, exasperated with the idea.

“It could be.” Max said, jumping on her skateboard and circling Mike

She motioned to herself, “see, zoomer.”

“Mindblowing” Mike deadpanned.

“Oh come on, you know you’re impressed” Max said with a smug smile

"I don't see any tricks, you're just going around in a circle." Mike pointed out, laughing slightly.

"If it's so easy, why don't you try it?" Max taunted.

"No."

"Why not?" Max questioned, smirking.

Mike gave her a look, "I don't know how."

"So then you admit it! it's kind of impressive." Max boasted, laughing at his expression as she continued to circle round him.

"I think if I spent like all day practising, I could do that." Mike retorted, not wanting to let her win.

"I would give you a million bucks if you could." Max laughed again, just imagining Mike on a skateboard.

"Okay, you're making me dizzy. Please just stop." Mike said, stopping still after walking in a circle following her.

"I'll stop when i join your party." Max taunted.

“Come on, just stop” Mike pleaded.

“It’s a simple question. Am I in or out?” Max asked, skating round him once again.

Mike smiled at her, amused at her insistence on being in their party. He continued to spin so he was facing her, when Max suddenly fell backwards off of the skateboard, falling to the floor in a heap. The skateboard zoomed past them, hitting the wall, as Max grunted in pain.

“Jesus! Are you alright?” Mike asked, dropping to the floor beside her to see if she was okay.

“Yeah, yeah I think so.” Max answered, holding her side as her face twisted in pain.

“What happened?” He asked, holding out his hand to help her up. She grabbed his hand as he pulled her up, and he placed his hand on her arm in comfort.

“I don’t know. It was like a magnet or something pulling on my board. I know that sounds crazy.” Max explained, retrieving her board from the end of the hall.

Mike’s mind went straight into overdrive at Max’s explanation. It

couldn't be her, could it? The story Max told did sound a little crazy, yet Mike could only think of one explanation to what had just happened. He saw it with his own eyes! It was as if the skateboard was pulled from under her before throwing it to the side. Glancing between Max and the double doors of the gym, Mike tried to calm himself down. There was no use getting his hopes up, for it all to come crumbling back down again.

But what if he wasn't going crazy? What if it was her and he didn't go check, and then he missed his chance forever? Surely it was better to be disappointed than to never know.

Having made up his mind, Mike began to walk towards the doors, and before he knew it, he was running, pushing through the door into the empty corridor. His eyes scanned the halls, focusing on the door that was closing at the end of corridor. Mike ran forward, opening the door with so much force that it banged against the wall loudly. Mike froze on the spot, unable to do anything but stare.

At the end of the corridor, clad in an oversized flannel and denim overalls, with brown curls instead of a buzz cut, stood the girl that Mike always wanted but never expected to see again. She turned at the loud noise, and too seemed to be frozen on the spot. Moments passed as Mike continued to stare, before he broke the silence, gaining the courage to step forward.

"El?"

2. Reunited

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike and Eleven are finally face to face after nearly a year of being apart, so obviously there is a lot of crying and hugging.

“El?”

Mike stared at her, in a strange state of shock that he couldn't seem to shake. The girl that he had spent the last year missing with his entire being was standing only a few feet away from him, staring at him as if she couldn't believe it either.

His eyes were slowly filling with tears, contrasting with the soppy smile that he couldn't seem to wipe off his face.

Realising that neither had them moved the entire time, Mike practically ran over to her, quickly wrapping his arms around her tiny body. He held onto her so tight, not quite believing she was real, yet hoping with his entire heart that she was. He could feel her sobbing in his arms, the way her shoulders shuddered as she tried to keep silent. He whispered words of comfort in her ear, attempting to calm her down.

“I've missed you so much.” Mike whispered softly, barely audible.

“I missed you too.” El replied.

“I never gave up on you. I called you every day for-” Mike started, looking at her with tears in his eyes.

“352 day, i heard you.” El cut him off, her sobs quieting down.

Pulling away so he could see her face, he softly wiped the tears away, his hand gently cupping her cheeks. El looked up to see Mike staring at her again, with such softness in eyes that she couldn't bare it. Mike began to slowly lean in, when she pushed him back, making him stumble backwards in surprise.

“No.” Eleven said, though it looked as if it physically pained her to say it.

“No? I'm sorry El, I shouldn't -”

“It's not safe.” She explained, taking a few steps away from him.

“What?”

“The bad men” was all she uttered in response.

“The bad men are gone, i swear.” Mike said, taking a few steps forward.

“They’ll hurt you.” Eleven stepped back again.

“They can’t hurt you anymore.” He said, trying to look confident.

“But Hopper said?” Eleven uttered, confused on who to trust. She trusted Hopper with her life after all that had happened to her, but she knew that Mike would only tell her truth. She knew that friends don’t lie.

“Wait what?” Mike said loudly, making El step back once again.

“Mike? Mike! What the hell? Mike!” Max shouted, breaking the tension slightly as she rounded the corner.

“What do you mean Hopper said?” Mike tried to question, yet El remained silent.

“I don’t have a supercom, stupid, I need to stay with you.” Max said in explanation, skating over to where they stood.

“Go away, I’m in the middle of something.” Mike snapped, not taking his eyes off Eleven.

“Oh okay, I’ll just wait over there then.” Max started to move towards the other end of the corridor.

“No! Go away and leave our party alone!” Mike yelled, wanting to be alone with Eleven.

“I know you hate me but there’s no need to be such a dick to me!” Max shouted back, causing an awkward silence to ensue as she spoke.

Max glared at Mike and the girl, not caring about interrupting, before skating up and down the corridor in which they were standing. El followed her movements closely with her eyes, wanting very much to throw her off again, but not wanting to upset Mike again.

Mike motioned towards the lockers before taking El’s hand, pulling her to the side before promptly sitting on the floor. El looked down at him before copying him, sitting as close as she possibly could to the boy beside her. He grabbed her hand, drawing circles with his thumb absentmindedly. Mike turned his head to the side to watch her, and quickly noticed El watching Max with interest.

“Why did you do it?” Mike asked in a whisper, nodding his head towards the ginger girl in front of them.

“Do what?” El answered, feigning innocence.

“You know what. Why did you throw her off her board?” Mike quizzed, wanting to know why El was suddenly acting violent.

“I was mad.” El stated simply.

“Yeah but why were you mad? I don’t get it.” Mike said in confusion.

“Pretty.” El muttered.

“Lucas and Dustin seem to think so.” Mike said sarcastically.

“You don’t think so?” Eleven said slowly.

“She’s okay, I suppose?”

“Snow ball?” El asked.

“What about it?” Mike replied in confusion, yet his face heating up at the memory of the last time that infamous dance was brought up.

“Snow ball with her?” El asked, clearly upset at the thought.

“NO!” Mike shouted, grabbing the attention of Max momentarily.

“Sorry, you just surprised me a little. No, I don’t want to go with Max. There’s only one girl I want to take to the snow ball.” El’s face crumpled, not fully understanding what he was saying.

“Who?” El asked, not really wanting to hear the answer.

“You!” Mike stated, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. El’s face instantly lit up, her smile lighting up her face.

“Really? Promise?”

“I promise.” Mike agreed, pulling her into another hug. The angle was awkward as they were both sat on the floor, but El instantly relaxed into his arms. They pulled away slightly, so Mike’s forehead rest against El’s and they both began to lean in, just as the supercom sprang to life.

“Guys...” Will’s voice cut through the corridor, crackling with the static.

“I’ve found him.”